

Ran fearefully among the trembling Reedes:
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him, *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let mee not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from mee,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne:
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it.

Exit King.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunk with collier? stay and pause a while
Here comes your Vnckle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?

Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, ile empty all those veines,
And shead my deare blood, drop by drop, i'th dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthanktull King,
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heat vpon I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ransome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheek lookt pale,

And

Henry the

And on my face hee turn'd an eye
Trembling euen at the name of

Wor. I cannot blame him, wa
By *Richard* that dead is, the nex

Nor. Hee was; I heard the P
And then it was, when the v
(Whose wrongs in vs God pa
Vpon his *Irish* expedition;

From whence hee intercepted,
To bee depos'd and shortly mur

Wor. And for whose death, we
Liue scandaliz'd and foully spok

Hot. But soft I pray you, di
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*
Heire to the Crowne?

Nor. Hee did, my selfe did

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame
That wisht him on the barren m
But shall it bee, that you that set
Vpon the head of this forgetfull
And for his sake weare the detest
Of murderous subornation? sh
That you a world of curses vnder
Being the agents, or base second
The cords, the ladder, or the han
O pardon, if that I descend so low
To shew the line and the predica
Wherein you range vnder this sub
Shall it for shame bee spoken in
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to co
That men of your Nobility and p
Did gage them both in an vniust
(As both of you, God pardon it
To put downe *Richard* that sw
And plant this thorne, this can
And shall it in more shame bee su
That you are fool'd, discarded,
By him, from whom these shan